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277

Concluſion of the Criticiſm on the Tragedy of the Duke of Millaine, *by* Maſſinger.

Sfor. I Am on the Rack,
Diſſolve this doubtful Riddle,
Fran. That I alone
Of all Mankind that ſtand moſt bound to love you,
And ſtudy your Content, ſhould be appointed,
Not by my Will, but forc'd by cruel Fate
To be your greateſt Enemy; not to hold you
In this Amazement longer, in a Word,
Your Dutcheſs loves me. *Sfor.* Loves thee?
Fran. Is mad for me,
Purſues me hourly. *Sfor.* Oh!
Fran. And from hence grew
Her late Neglect of you. *Sfor.* O Women! Women!
Fran. I labour'd to divert her by Perſuaſion,
Then urg'd your much Love to her, and the Danger;
Deny'd her, and with Scorn. *Sfor.* 'Twas like thyſelf.
Fran. But when I ſaw her ſmile, then heard her ſay,
Your Love and extream Dotage, as a Cloak
Should cover our Embraces, and your Power
Fright others from Suſpicion, and all Favours
That ſhould preſerve her in her Innocence,
By Luſt inverted to be us'd as Bawds,
I could not but in Duty (tho' I know
That the Relation kills you in all Hope
Of Peace hereafter, and in me 'twill ſhew
Both baſe and poor to riſe up her Accuſer)
Freely diſcover it.
Sfor. Eternal Plagues
Purſue and overtake her, for her Sake
To all Poſterity may he prove a Cuckold,
And like to me a Thing ſo miſerable
As Words may not expreſs him, that gives Truſt
To all deceiving Women, or ſince it is
The Will of Heaven to preſerve Mankind,
That we muſt know, and couple with theſe Serpents,
No wiſe Man ever taught by my Example
Hereafter uſe his Wife with more Reſpect,
Than he would do his Horſe that does him Service,
Baſe Woman being in her Creation made
A Slave to Man: But like a Village Nurſe
Stand I now curſing, and conſidering, when
The tameſt Fool would do? Within thee, *Stephano*,
Tiberio, and the reſt, I will be ſudden,
And ſhe ſhall know and feel, Love in Extremes
Abus'd knows no Degrees of Hate.

Any Body may now ſee that the Dutcheſs's Pride, on one Side, and the Duke's Jealouſy on the other, could produce nothing but the moſt horrid Miſchiefs: And the Poet has ſhewn much Art in making the moſt violent Love operate, as fatally as the moſt violent Hatred. Accordingly, when they meet, her Reproaches raiſe his Fury to ſuch a Height, that he ſtabs her with his own Hand. And, as ſhe dies, ſhe convinces him of her own Innocence and his Injuſtice.

Mar. We are both abus'd,
And both by him undone: ſtay Death a little,
Till I have clear'd myſelf unto my Lord, and then
I willingly obey thee. O my *Sforza*,
Franciſco was not tempted, but the Tempter,
And as he thought to win me, ſhew'd the Warrant
That you ſign'd for my Death.
Sfor. Then I believe thee,
Believe thee innocent too.
Mar. But being contemn'd,
Upon his Knees with Tears he did beſeech me,
Not to reveal it, I ſoft-hearted Fool,
Judging his Penitence true, was won unto it.
Indeed the Unkindneſs to be ſentenc'd by you,
Before that I was guilty in a Thought,
Made me put on a ſeeming Anger towards you,
And now behold the Iſſue, as I do,
May Heaven forgive you. [*dies.*
Tib. Her ſweet Soul has left
Her beauteous Priſon.
Step. Look to the Duke, he ſtands
As if he wanted Motion.
Tib. Grief has ſtopt
The Organ of his Speech.
Step. Take up his Body,
And call for his Phyſicians.
Sfor. O my Heart-ſtrings.

This is the End of the fourth Act, and the Poet has hurried on the Buſineſs ſo much, that he has no Material left but the Detection and Puniſhment of *Franciſco* for his fifth, which in my Opinion makes it almoſt ſuperfluous, and therefore I ſhall make no Quotations from it. This is an Error not peculiar to him; moſt of our modern Writers have done the ſame, and indeed the ending a Play naturally is ſo difficult a Taſk, that one, in my Hearing, humorouſly ſaid, that he could write Plays well enough, if there were no laſt Act.

AS the preſent War has already ſcatter'd ſuch a Variety of Miſchiefs thro' a great Part of *Europe*, and the Eyes and Attention of the reſt is fix'd on the Scene of Actions, and deeply intereſted in the Event, I believe the following Quotation from a very old Poem will not be thought an unſeaſonable Entertainment: 'Tis intitled *Dulce Bellum inexpertis*, and is wrote with ſo much good Senſe, juſt Satire, and conſidering the Times, harmonious Verſe, as few of our modern Writings can parallel.

THE Poets old, in their fond Fables, feign
That mighty *Mars* is God of War and Striſe:
Th' Aſtrologers pretend when *Mars* doth reign,
That all Debate and Diſcord muſt be riſe:
So that ſome one, and ſome another judge,
To be the Cauſe of ev'ry grievous Grudge.

Among the reſt that Herald had ſome Skill,
Who thus, in Arms, did once ſet out the ſame,
A Field of Gules, and, on a golden Hill,
A ſtately City all involv'd with Flame:
On Cheaſe of Sable, taken from the Dam,
A Sucking Babe, Oh born to bide Miſchance!
Be goar'd with Blood, and pierced with a Lance.

Thus Poets, Heralds, and Aſtrologers,
Have giv'n their Gueſs this Subject to define,
Yet are they all, and with them Travellers,
But little vers'd among the Worthies nine,
Their Words and Works were never thought divine.
No more of Certainty's in common Speech,
For Truth is ſeldom in the Vulgar's Reach.

Then what is War? Define it right at laſt!
And let us lay the Vulgar's Voice aſide!
Let Poets lie! Let Heralds feign as faſt!
Aſtrologers, and all their Cant deride!
The Traveller, and all his Wonders wide!
But let us learn by deep Reſearch of Truth,
The Source of War that raiſes all this Ruth!

If then I may preſume my Love to write,
War is the Scourge of an indignant God,
Correcting ſuch as dwell in princely Plight,
Yet not regard the Teaching of this Rod:
Who reign at Random, Foes to all that's juſt,
As Will was Lord of Law, and Pow'r the Slave of Luſt.

Whom neither Plagues can fright into Remorſe,
Nor Famine draw to mend what is amiſs,
Within whoſe Hearts no Pity findeth Force,
Nor Right can rule to judge what Reaſon is.
To puniſh theſe th' Almighty wakens War,
And by Misfortunes learns them what they are.

Since then the Caſe ſo plain by Proof doth ſtand,
That War diſtracts the preſent like the paſt,
Whence comes it that ſo many take in hand,
To joy in Wars, while Youth and Pleaſure waſte:
Who view with Scorn the Shepherd's kind Repaſt,
That lies at Eaſe, contented with his own,
While they by curſt Ambition are undone?

If *Mars* move War, as Southſayers relate,
And Poets in their Fables uſe to feign,
Or if *Bellona* prompts the Heart to ſwell
A-fire with Anger, burſting with Diſdain,
Still what Delight can bleſs the bloody Plain?
Or what Advantage can attend the State,
That ſoſters War, and hunts for dire Debate?

If Herald's Craft have truly War diſplay'd,
Then is it worſe, tho' always bad at beſt,
Where Towns are burn'd, and Fields with Blood bewray'd,
Young Children ſlain, the Parents ſore diſtreſt;
Short Tale to make, where Famine, Sword and Flame,
Conſume as much as Earth and Air can frame.

If Pride cauſe War, as common People prate,
In what can Pride, and ought that's good agree?
For Pride is Root of Ill in every State,
The Source of Sin, the Bough, the Branch, the Tree,
From whence is ſcatter'd ev'ry baneful Seed
That Diſcord's Hand can ſow, or Miſchief breed.

But if War is, as I have ſaid before,
God's Scourge, which doth the Prince and People tame,
Then warn the wiſer Sort by learned Love,
To flee from that which bringeth nought but Blame,
And let Men count it Grief, and not a Game
To feel the Weight of God's almighty Hand
When rais'd in Vengeance o'er a guilty Land.

Oh Prince, be pleas'd with thine own Diadem,
Confine thy Kingdom with its antient Bounds;
Inlarge no Laws, nor ſwim down Pleaſure's Stream,
Leſt thy own Sword be Cauſe of all thy Wounds:
Claim nought by War whoſe Title ne'er was good,
It is God's Scourge, then Prince beware of Blood!

Oh Dukes, Oh Earls, Oh Barons, Knights and 'Squires!
Keep your Content with that which is your own;
Let Vanity ne'er bring you in his Briars,
Seek not to reap what you have never ſown:
Let not your Neighbour's Houſe be over-thrown,
To make your Garden ſtrait, or round, or ſquare,
For that is War, God's Scourge! Then Lords beware!

O Biſhops, Deacons, Prelates, Prieſts and all,
Strive not for Tythes, for Glebeland, or for Trees;
For polling *Peter* Pence, for *Popiſh* Pall,
For proud Pluralities, or new Degrees;
Your Goſpel bids you tread the Paths of Peace,
Then Prieſts be humble! Learn to follow theſe!

Oh wily Lawyers ſtop your too long Noſe
With which you ſcent your needy Neighbour's Lack,
Stretch not the Channels where Diſſention flows,
Nor pray for Storms to pry upon the Wreck!
This is plain War, tho' you may term it Striſe,
Which God will ſcourge; then Lawyer leave this Life!

Oh common People, plead no Claim but Right,
And ceaſe to ſeek what you have never loſt,
Strive not for Trifles! Make not all your Night,
To put your Neighbour's Purſe to needleſs Coſt.
When your own Gold is ſpent, then farewel Froſt!
The Lawyer gains, and leads a lordly Life,
While you loſe all, and beg to ſtint your Striſe!

Know Kings and Princes what a Pain it were,
To win more Realms, than any Wit can wield,
To pine in Hope, then freeze as faſt with Fear
To ſee their Subjects murther'd in the Field,
And their own Days and Nights conſum'd with Care,
They would love Peace, and bid Adieu to War.

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

N. B. *Advertiſements, of a reaſonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

939

SATURDAY, *May* 31.

THEY write from *Holland*, that the Prince of *Orange* has remov'd the Objection his Majeſty had to his ſerving this Campaign on the *Rhine*, and that he has declar'd his Intention of going thither. His Highneſs, with her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Royal, ſets out next Week for *Lewarden*, from whence the Prince proceeds for *Germany*; but the Princeſs Royal continues there ſome Time with the Princeſs Dowager.

Mr. *Money*, one of the King's Meſſengers, who attended his Majeſty to *Hanover*, had like to have been drowned by the overturning of a Waggon, by which Accident he was thrown into a large Ditch of Water; one of the Footmen to the Prince of *Orange*, who had ſerv'd his Highneſs 17 Years, periſh'd.

Marriage. On Thurſday laſt Sir *Robert Long*, Bart. Member of Parliament for *Wotton-Baſſet*, was married to the Lady *Emma*, Daughter of the Right Hon. *Richard* Earl *Tylney*, of the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

Death. On Tueſday laſt died very old, Capt. *William Tayler*, formerly a brave Commander in the Service of the Crown, and many Years upon Half-Pay.

MONDAY, *June* 2.

On Sunday Evening two Watermens Apprentices, one belonging to *Charles Anderſon* of *Hammerſmith*, the other (a *French* Lad) to *William May* of *Chiſwick*, going up the River in a very ſmall Skiff, one of their Hats fell into the River, which they endeavouring to ſave, overſet the Skiff, and they were both drowned near *Barns* Ferry.

The Drapers Company have, purſuant to the Will of *Thomas Bancroft*, Eſq; who lies interred in Great St. *Helen*'s Church, purchaſed a Piece of Ground at *Mile-End*, adjoining to the *Jew*'s Burying-Ground, for the Building of Alms-Houſes for the Maintenance of a certain Number of infirm and decay'd Men and Women belonging to the ſaid Company; towards which he has left an handſome Sum of Money to endow it for ever; which Building will be compleated as ſoon as poſſible.

On Sunday laſt a Gentleman's Daughter about 17 Years of Age, (being denied by her Father ſome Time ago to marry a Gentleman of her Inclination, tho' low in the World) went away very early in the Morning with one of her Maids, and Yeſterday was married to the ſaid Gentleman at *King-ſtreet* Chapel, *Golden-Square*, and went directly with her Husband to her Father's Houſe in —— *Street*, *Bloomsbury*; who, conſidering that the Matrimony could not be undone, received them kindly, and gave her 300*l. per Annum* for her preſent Portion.

On Friday Night laſt about Eleven o'Clock, the Right Hon. the Lord *Southwell*, and the Hon. *Herbert Windſor*, Eſq; Member of Parliament for *Cardiff*, were attack'd in St. *Martin's-Lane* by two Street-Robbers arm'd with Bloodgeons; but one of them receiving a Cut in the Face from Mr. *Windſor*, the Rogues were ſo diſpirited, that they made off without accompliſhing their Deſign.

Yeſterday the Lady of the Right Hon. the Earl of *Huntingdon* was ſafely delivered of a Daughter.

Marriage. Laſt Week *Edward Burnaby*, Eſq; one of the Clerks of the Treaſury, was married to Miſs *Sarah Green*, Daughter to Mr. *Green*, a wealthy Brewer in *Weſtminſter*, a young Lady of 30,000*l.* Fortune.

Deaths. A few Days ſince died at *Ganton* in *Yorkſhire*, Sir *Thomas Legard*, Bart. whoſe Anceſtor, of *Norman* Extraction, became poſſeſs'd of *Anlaghby* in *Yorkſhire*, Anno 1100, by Marriage of the Heireſs of that Name.——On Saturday died of the Small-Pox, *Paul Burrard*, Eſq; Repreſentative in Parliament for *Yarmouth*, in the *Iſle of Wight*, and Receiver-General of the Land-Tax for the County of *Southampton*. The ſame Day died Mr. *Joſiah Rutty*, a great *Italian* Merchant in the City, worth 50,000*l.*

Bankrupt. Charles Pruce of *Oxford-Market*, *Middleſex*, Butcher and Chapman.

TUESDAY, *June* 3.

Some Years ago an *Engliſh* Merchant reſiding at *Liſbon*, having offended the Fathers of the Inquiſition, was put in Priſon, brought to his Trial, and had Sentence of Death paſs'd upon him. The Night before his intended Execution a Prieſt privately inform'd him of his Danger, and adviſ'd him to eſcape, and how, which he did the ſame Night, on board an *Engliſh* Ship then lying in the River, by which he got ſafe to *England*, and has ever ſince liv'd privately at *Hammerſmith*. A few Days ſince a Man came by his Door crying Oranges to ſell; the Gentleman looking in his Face, thought he knew him, and thereupon aſk'd him, whether he had not been abroad, and particularly at *Liſbon*? The Perſon reply'd in the Affirmative: The Gentleman then aſk'd him, if he did not remember him, and whether he was not the Perſon that adviſ'd him to eſcape from the Inquiſition? The Man anſwer'd, he was: The Gentleman then aſk'd him the Meaning of his preſent Appearance, and how he came to employ himſelf in that Manner? His Anſwer was, that he was ſtill a Prieſt and of the Miſſion, and that he ſold Fruit, becauſe by that Means he had the more eaſy Acceſs into Families, and could carry on the Buſineſs of his Function with greater Facility than in any other Way.

Yeſterday there ſtarted at *Croydon* only Mr. *Grantham*'s Cheſnut Mare, for the Plate of 20 Guineas, two Hackneys being enter'd to make up the Number obliged to ſtart: After which a Purſe of 50*s.* was made up for any Hackney that would ſtart, which made little Sport and much Quarrelling, as uſual for ſuch Sums.

Laſt Thurſday Night a Perſon dreſs'd like a Gentleman went to *Pontack*'s in *Abchurch-Lane*, and ſupp'd there, but went off with a Silver Strainer undiſcover'd: The ſame Man, according to Deſcription, ſtole a Piece of Plate a few Days before from the *Crown* and *Rolls* Tavern in *Chancery-Lane*, and a Silver Tankard and Silver Spoon from the *Caſtle* Tavern in *Chancery-Lane*.

His Majeſty ſupp'd in Publick the Night he arriv'd at *Herenhauſen*; and the People having reſorted thither from all Parts to welcome him, the whole Crowd were admitted into the Apartments to ſee him. His Majeſty retir'd about Seven, and having reſted till Eight next Morning, wrote a Letter with his own Hand to the Queen, to acquaint her with his ſafe Arrival. His Majeſty admits a certain Number of Ladies and Noblemen every Day to dine with him, and in the Evening has a Drawing-Room. The Plays were to begin as laſt Week in the Theatre in the Palace, for the Entertainment of the Court.

'Tis aſſur'd that the Fleet under Sir *John Norris* conſiſts not only of choſen Ships and choſen Commanders, but of a full Compliment likewiſe of pick'd Seamen, ſo that 'tis reckon'd the moſt compleat for its Number and Force that ever ſail'd from *England*, and is by far ſuperior to any Fleet the *French* and *Spaniards* united can put to Sea, who have indeed a large Number of Ships, but not Sailors enough in both Kingdoms to man fully above 22 Sail. Sir *John Norris* is ſo univerſally belov'd by the Seamen, that there was the greateſt ſtriving imaginable to go with him; and 'tis confidently ſaid, that his Inſtructions are very extenſive, and ſuch as he himſelf ſaw and approv'd before his putting to Sea.

'Tis alſo ſaid, that his Majeſty, before his ſetting out for *Hanover*, being app'ly'd to by a certain Foreign Miniſter, to declare the Deſign of this great Armament, made Anſwer, *That his Subjects having great Effects on board the* Brazil *Fleet, he could do no leſs than protect them, whatever might be the Conſequence.*

We hear that the *French* Fleet are in Motion, conſiſting of upwards of 40 Men of War, in order to obſerve the Motions of the *Britiſh* Fleet.

Yeſterday the Right Hon. Sir *Charles Wager* was re-elected Maſter of the *Trinity-Houſe*, and Capt. *Wherry* was choſen Deputy-Maſter; the Rev. Dr. *Lovell* preach'd an excellent Sermon ſuitable to the Occaſion, after which they had an elegant Entertainment at *Pontack*'s in *Abchurch-Lane*.

Death. Henry Hughes Weſly, Eſq; of the County of *Somerſet*, died Yeſterday of an Apoplectick Fit, at his Houſe in *Arundel-ſtreet* in the *Strand*: He had the Good Nature for 12 Years paſt, to diſcharge yearly four Priſoners for Debt, by the Hands of a Rev. Divine. He was a Widower, and has left two Sons and a Daughter.

WEDNESDAY, *June* 4.

Yeſterday was held a Court of Lord Mayor and Aldermen at *Guildhall*, when his Lordſhip was pleaſed to nominate *William Rous*, Eſq; Citizen and Salter, Deputy of *Vintry* Ward, one of the Directors of the *Eaſt-India* Company, as a fit and proper Perſon to be one of the Sheriffs of this City and County of *Middleſex*, for the Year enſuing.

The ſame Day *Arthur Dabbs*, Eſq; who was nominated for Sheriff ſome Time ſince, paid his Fine of 400*l.* and 20 Marks, with the accuſtomary Fees, into the Chamber of *London*, in order to be excuſed at the next Court of Common Council from ſerving that Office.

Yeſterday *George Wood*, known by the Name of *Ranging Buck*, and late an Officer to the High Bailiff of *Weſtminſter*, ſtood in the Pillory at the Corner of *Fetter-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, for wilful and corrupt Perjury, purſuant to his Sentence at the laſt Seſſions at the *Old Bailey*. He was moſt ſeverely treated by the Populace, who, beſides throwing Dirt, cut him in the Face with Stones, broken Glaſs, *&c.* in ſo miſerable a Manner, that he was almoſt dead when he was taken down.

Mr. *Wildey*'s Son in St. *Paul*'s *Church-Yard*, is return'd from *Bruſſels*, where he heard that the Watches, Jewels, *&c.* of which his Father was cheated a few Weeks ſince, to the Value of 500*l.* by Sharpers dreſs'd like Perſons of Condition, were pawned at *Paris* for 150*l.* One of the Sharpers was lately an Apprentice to a Jeweller in *Paris*, whom he had defrauded.

A Subterraneous Work is by her Majeſty's Order carrying on in the Royal Gardens at *Richmond*, which is to be called *Merlin's Cave*, adorn'd with Aſtronomical Figures and Characters: Her Majeſty was on Monday laſt to viſit it, and gave ten Guineas among the Maſons, *&c.* who are employed in executing the Deſign.

A few Days ſince the following Perſons were ſworn in for the Commiſſion of Peace for the County of *Surry*, viz. *James Reading*, Eſq; *William Richardſon*, Eſq; and *Abraham Shard*, Eſq;

Laſt Monday Morning a Perſon tolerably well dreſs'd in a Sailor's Habit, was taken out of a Pond at the Lower-End of *Gray's-Inn-Lane*, near Mr. *Harris*'s Cow-houſe; he is ſuppoſed to have lain there about ten Days: No Money or Direction was found in his Pockets; ſo whether robb'd and murder'd, or how he died, is uncertain.

Bankrupts. William James, of *Reading*, *Berks*

Barge-Maſter and Chapman.——*Joſeph King*, of *Cobham-Iſland*, *Suffolk*, White-ſmith and Salt-Refiner.——*George Kent*, late of *Workſop*, *Nottinghamſhire*, Grocer and Chapman.

THURSDAY, *June* 5.

On Monday Night laſt at Nine o'Clock, a Clergyman and two Ladies were attacked within a Mile of *Windſor* by three Highwaymen: One of them ſtood at the Head of the Horſes with a Piſtol, while the other two demanded their Money: The Clergyman inſtead of delivering his Money, began to preach the Enormity of Vices, and eſpecially upon Robbery; but they ſtopped his Mouth with a Piſtol that went off, tho' without a Bullet, which ſo much frighted the Ladies, that being unable to pull out their Purſes, the Rogues were contented with ſix Guineas and a Silver Watch from the Doctor; and three Gold Rings, one of them with a Diamond Value 10*l.* from the Ladies.

Yeſterday at Four o'Clock in the Afternoon a Woman was delivered of three Children in *Shoe-Lane*, *Fleet-ſtreet*: She died Half an Hour after, but the Children are like to live, and were chriſtned at Six in the Afternoon, by the Names of *Abraham*, *Iſaac* and *Sarah*.

On Tueſday laſt one of the Workmen pulling down a Houſe in *Lloyd's-Court*, St. *Giles's*, fell down, broke his Neck, and died on the Spot; at the Hearing of this Misfortune, his Wife, eight Months gone with Child, was delivered of a Boy, who died ten Minutes after he was born, but ſhe is in a fair Way of Recovery.

The Rev. Mr. *Mac Clauchlane*, reputed Author of an infamous Pamphlet recommending Fornication, was Miniſter of the Pariſh of *Ardnamuchan*, in the Presbytery of *Mull* in *North Britain*; but upon his firſt Preſentation finding Means to get his Stipend for three Years advanc'd to him, as ſoon as he had receiv'd the Money, run away and left his Pariſh to take Care of themſelves.

We hear that the Czarina intends this Summer to put to Sea a powerful Fleet with an Intention to exerciſe the ſame, according to the *Engliſh* Manner; and ſome of our Sea-Officers have contracted, with Leave from the Court, with Prince *Cantimir* for ſix Years.

They write from *Bath*, that laſt Monday Morning as the *Exeter* Stage-Coachman was driving out of the *Three Tun Yard*, he happened not to ſtoop Time enough before he came to the Gateway, and the Horſes going very faſt he ſtruck againſt the Arch of the Gate with that Violence, that it daſh'd his Brains out, and beat his Breaſt quite flat to his Back, ſo that he never ſpoke nor ſtirr'd more; and what makes it ſtill more melancholy, the poor Wretch, they ſay, was juſt before curſing and ſwearing, and in a terrible Paſſion at ſome Trifle that was amiſs.

And on Tueſday Night a moſt dreadful Attempt of Murder was committed by one Mr. *Price*, a Clergyman of *Exeter*, on the poor Widow *Carpenter*, that kept the *Chriſtopher* in the Market-Place, in the following Manner: Mr. *Price* came into Mrs. *Carpenter's*, and ask'd her in a very obliging Way how ſhe did, and put one Arm round her Neck, and as ſhe and the Standers-by thought was going to kiſs her, when at the ſame Time he had a Penknife in his other Hand, with which he ſtabb'd her in the Belly, juſt under the Navel, that her Bowels came out, and in an Inſtant gave her two other Stabs; her Son and his own Servant in endeavouring to get him away from her, received ſome deſperate Wounds; and all three would have been kill'd on the Spot, had not two ſtrong Men come in, one of whom tripp'd up his Heels, and with much ado got away his Penknife and two other naked Penknifes that were in his Pocket. Mr. *Price* was directly ſent to Priſon, and the poor Widow is ſo bad, that ſhe can't live many Hours.

This Mr. *Price* had been out of his Senſes for ſix or ſeven Years; and about ſix Months ago he was taken out of a Mad-houſe by (I think they call it) a Writ of Repleven, he ſeemed to be perfectly in his Senſes, and preach'd an excellent Sermon but laſt Sunday.

On Tueſday Night laſt, about Ten o'Clock, a Reprieve for a Month came down to *Newgate* for *Charles Peele*, who was in the Dead Warrant: He was gone to Bed with very little Hopes of his Friends ſucceeding when it came down.

And Yeſterday Morning between Nine and Ten o'Clock, *Sutton* and *Gregory* in the firſt Cart, and *Hughes* and *Lewis* in the ſecond, were carried under a ſtrong Guard to *Tyburn*; *Lewis*, for the Murder of his Aunt, appeared ſick and quite ſtupify'd, ſo could give little Attention at the Gallows to the Prayers; *Hughes*, for the Murder of his Mother, ſeemed very penitent; *Sutton* appear'd not much concern'd, but juſt before he was turn'd off ſhed a few Tears, and made a Speech to the Spectators; his Brother *George Sutton* was in the Cart with him, to whom he ſpoke in private and kiſs'd him; but *Gregory* behav'd in a bold, impudent, ſenſeleſs Manner, talking during the Prayers to the People in the Cart, and looking about him at the Mob, who in a ſcandalous Manner threw Dirt; he did not ſhew the leaſt Concern, or once change his Countenance; he declar'd he never committed any Crime till about a Fortnight before *Chriſtmas* laſt, and then turn'd Houſe-breaker to ſupport his Brother *Jerry* (who died in *Winchester* Gaol of his Wounds) who was then confin'd in Gaol on Suſpicion of Deer-ſtealing, and join'd with *Fielder*, &c. he alſo pretended that his Brother executed at *Chelmsford*, died wrongfully. Juſt before he was turn'd off he laugh'd heartily.

After the Execution, *Sutton* was deliver'd to his Friends by a Warrant obtain'd from the Sheriffs for that Purpoſe; *Lewis* was likewiſe deliver'd to his Friends, and *Hughes*, the Soldier, to the Surgeons; but *Gregory* was carried and hanged on the ſame Gibbet with two of his Companions in *Edgware* Road, over-againſt *Hendon-Lane* End.

The Wife of *Lewis* was brought to Bed of a Daughter on Monday laſt, and are both living.

Yeſterday whilſt the Priſoners were hanging at *Tyburn*, a Man attempted to pick a young Gentleman's Pocket of his Watch; but being apprehended in the Fact, he was hurried to a Pond, where he underwent the uſual Diſcipline of the Populace.

Another Gentleman who was looking on the Criminals as they were paſſing by *Gray's-Inn-Lane* in *Holborn*, had his Pockets pick'd of his Silver Watch, Snuff-Box, and a Handkerchief.

Preferments. On Monday laſt the Preſident and Senior Fellows of St. *John's* College in *Oxford* met and choſe the Rev. Mr. *Dry*, Vice-Preſident of St. *John's*, and Rector of St. *Giles's* Pariſh in the City of *Oxford*, to be Vicar of St. *Sepulchre's* Pariſh in *London*, vacant by the Death of the Rev. Dr. *Knight*.——We hear from *Ludlow*, that *Luke Clutterbuck*, Eſq; was choſen Common-Cryer of that Borough, in the room of *Thomas Hunt*, Eſq; deceas'd.

Marriage. About a Fortnight ſince, Mr. *Wooley*, Partner with Meſſ. *Townſhend* and *Holford*, Hoſiers in *Cheapſide*, was married to Miſs *Letitia Floyer*, a fine young Lady, Daughter of Sir *Peter Floyer*, Knt. and Siſter of Capt. *Floyer*, who died in *March* 1732-3, and left her a very plentiful Fortune.

Deaths. Capt. *Cavally*, who commanded one of the ſix Independent Companies in *Jamaica*, and who was Commander in Chief of thoſe Forces, died there the latter End of *March* laſt.——On Monday laſt died Mr. *William Bond*, a near Relation to the Lord Viſcount *Gage*, and Author of ſeveral poetical Pieces.

FRIDAY, *June* 6.

On Wedneſday laſt at Six o'Clock in the Evening, *Turpin* the Butcher, one of the Companions of *Gregory* in the *Eſſex* Gang, was ſeen with two of his new Companions well mounted, within a Piſtol's Shot of *Fulham*; and had the Impudence to ſpeak to a young Woman who knew him, and deſired her to go with them to a Publick Houſe; but ſhe refuſed. Mr. *Bureau*, an old *French* Gentleman who paſſed by, was bid to deliver his Money, and robbed of four Shillings, his Silver Watch and Sword: The young Woman ran to the next Houſe, and alarmed the Neighbourhood, but could not find Men enough to purſue them, ſo they got off with their Booty.

Yeſterday a Highwayman, who is ſuſpected of having robb'd for ſeveral Days paſt on *Barns-Common*, *Putney-Heath*, and thereabouts, was taken by a ſingle Man unarmed, near *Putney-Heath*, and being carried before Juſtice *Pettyward* of *Putney*, was committed to the New Gaol in *Southwark*; he is charg'd with having robb'd Mr. *Collins* of *Doctors-Commons*, and others. It is ſaid he is a Farmer near *Mitcham*.

The ſame Day one *Wilſon* was committed to *Wood-ſtreet* Compter by Sir *Richard Brocas*, on the Oath of *Robert Forſter*, Gent. upon a ſtrong Suſpicion of having been concern'd, with ſeveral other Perſons, in the Murder of *William Cam*, a Dragoon, near *Hadleigh* in *Suffolk*, in *April* laſt, who was aſſiſting two Officers of the Cuſtoms, a Serjeant, and two other Dragoons, to carry a large Quantity of Tea that had been ſeiz'd to the Cuſtom houſe at *Ipſwich*.

We hear that there is to be a fine Baſon in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, like that in St. *James's-Square*, and they have ſapp'd the Ground thereabouts to find out Springs for that Purpoſe.

Yeſterday in the Afternoon a Woman, who was Priſoner in *Clerkenwell Bridewell*, being very unruly, the Keeper was obliged to confine her to a particular Room, where ſhe ſoon found Means to hang herſelf.

They write from *Canterbury*, that on Friday laſt a Maid-Servant to a Farmer near *Aſh*, going to a Dancing in that Neighbourhood, and ſeeing her Sweetheart dance with another young Woman, went home and hanged herſelf.

RECEIPT, how to keep Iron *from* Ruſt;
(*Publiſhed by Advice of the* Society for improving in the Knowledge of Agriculture.)

Take eight Pounds of Hog's Greaſe, throw away all the ſkinny and fleſhy Parts; cut it ſmall, and melt it well with a little Water over a gentle Fire, in a new earthen glaz'd Pot; then ſtrain it thro' a Cloth. Set it again on a gentle Fire, pour it into four Ounces of Camphire in Powder; let it boil gently till the Camphire is well diſſolved. Take it off the Fire; and, while 'tis hot, put it into as much of the Powder of Plumb bargo (of which Leaden Pencils are made) as will give it a Leaden Colour: Then pour it hot out on your Irons, and let it ſtay upon them two Days, then wipe it clean off.

Note. You may take leſs or more of the above Ingredients, as your Demand is; always proportioning the Quantities conform to the Directions; which will infallibly prevent Ruſt.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Vienna, May 28.

WE don't doubt here in the leaſt that the Malecontents and Vagabonds in *Hungary* have been ſpirited up and ſet to work by the *Turks*; the Inroads which the latter has made from Time to Time into his *Imperial* Majeſty's Territories, and the Hoſtilities they have committed there, are but too many and too recent Proofs of their evil Deſigns againſt us; they even now ſeem to take off the Maſk, and have forbid the Veſſels and Boats belonging to the Emperor's Subjects on the *Danube* to paſs any lower than *Belgrade* on pain of Confiſcation: So barefac'd a Proceeding has determin'd his *Imperial* Majeſty to permit his Subjects to make Repriſals, and the Inhabitants of ſome Provinces in *Hungary* have already laid hold of that Permiſſion with pretty good Succeſs againſt the *Turks* of the Territory of *Widdin*; we have alſo begun to make Uſe of it elſewhere, and ſeveral Privateers under *Imperial* Colours have taken ſeveral *Turkiſh* Veſſels in the *Archipelago* and *Marmora* Sea; one of thoſe Privateers was even ſo bold as to venture up to the *Dardanels*, where he took a Sultana belonging to the *Ottoman* Fleet. The Field Marſhal, General *Daun*, is gone to viſit all the fortified Places in *Hungary*; and General Count *Arnaud* is gone to put *Great Waradin* in the beſt Poſture of Defence the Time will permit. Two Biſhops, one a *Greek* and the other a *Raſcian*, have been ſeiz'd at *Belgrade* and *Temiſwaer*, for holding dangerous Correſpondences with the *Ottoman* Porte: The firſt of thoſe Prelates is to be ſent to *Spiægelberg*, but the other is on the Road to this City.

Hague, June 7. M. *Coymans*, Miniſter of the States-General at *Copenhagen*, has wrote their High-Mightineſſes Word, that M. *Titley*, his *Britannick* Majeſty's Miniſter, had inſinuated to the King of *Denmark*, that it was very poſſible his Maſter might ſoon have Occaſion for the *Daniſh* Troops he had bargain'd for, in order to ſend them to the Succour of the King of *Portugal*; and that his *Daniſh* Majeſty had anſwer'd, that the ſaid Troops ſhould be ready, but that as he underſtood by the Treaty concluded with the Court of *Great Britain*, that the Troops he engag'd to furniſh were to be employ'd in the Empire, he could not let them go to *Portugal* without an Augmentation of his Subſidy.

Letters from *Italy* of the 16th of *May* mention an Inſtance of great Honour and Politeneſs in the Commander of the *Spaniſh* Troops that beſieg'd *Port Ercole*. The *German* Governor was a brave Fellow, and determin'd to hold out the Place till the laſt Moment; but Proviſions beginning to grow ſcarce, and ſome other Inconveniences prevailing, the Garriſon mutin'd, and oblig'd the Governor to ſurrender at Diſcretion: Accordingly the *Spaniſh* Troops took Poſſeſſion of it, and made every one Priſoners; but the General being inform'd by the Governor of the Affair of the Mutiny, he order'd eight or ten of the Ringleaders to be hang'd up immediately, and offer'd the Governor any Conditions for himſelf that he had a Mind to.-

They write from *Hamburg* of the 3d Inſt. that the Czarina has offer'd to conclude a Treaty of Commerce with the States-General, as ſhe has lately concluded one with *Great Britain*; and her Majeſty added, 'That as in 'her Treaties with their *Imperial* and *Britan-* 'nick Majeſties, there was no Clauſe contrary 'to the Intereſt of the States-General, ſhe 'hoped their High-Mightineſſes on their Side 'would not *engage* in Negotiations with *any* 'Power, that might be prejudicial to the 'Court of *Ruſſia*.'

By the Accounts which the laſt Mail brought from *Paris*, the Emperor ſtands but a very dull Chance both in *Germany* and *Italy*; the Marſhal *de Coigny* has order'd ſeveral Regiments of Foot to advance towards *Mentz*, and it is ſaid he deſigns to bombard that City, if the Inhabitants don't think fit to ſave their Houſes and Effects by a large Contribution; our Letters add, that 300 *Imperial* Huſſars have deſerted and come over to the *French* Army, all finely mounted: They offer'd to take on in the *French* Service, and their Offer was as readily embrac'd, the Marſhal ordering them 50 Crowns a Man.

It is alſo reported that a Major-General in the King of *Pruſſia*'s Service is arriv'd in the *French* Camp, and has asked a Command in that Army; which we look upon to be an extraordinary Piece of News, it not being uſual for General Officers to quit the Service of their Sovereign for that of another Prince without his Leave.

Our laſt Letters from *Italy* are of the 30th paſt, and inform us that the Allied Army march'd that Day and ſeiz'd *Gonzaga*, in which they made 600 *Imperialiſts* Priſoners of War, and alſo *Reggiolo*, where 400 *Germans* more met with the ſame Fate; making in the Whole 1000 Men, which is a large Pull out of ſuch a ſmall Army as Count *Konigsegg*'s.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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By Mr. HUMPHREYS

With a very neat Effigy of the Marchioneſs prefixed.

The fairſt Forms that Nature ſhews,
Suſtain the ſharpeſt Doom;
Her Life was like the Morning Roſe,
That withers in its Bloom.

'If any LOVE-LETTERS may be ranked with the celebrated 'ones of *Abelard* and *Eloiſa*; thoſe of a religious *Portugueſe* Lady, and thoſe of the Chevalier de R———, they are thoſe of the 'Marchioneſs M———, to the Count de R———. They have 'the *Fire*, the *Turn*, the *Spirit*, and *eaſy Air* of thoſe we have 'mentioned: They furniſh us beſides with this uſeful Leſſon *That* 'unlawful Love muſt expect to meet with unhappy Conſequences.

Journ. Litter. 1734.

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VI. Domeſtick Occurrences: Promotions Eccleſiaſtical, Civil and Military; Marriages and Births; Deaths; Bankrupts: Acts paſs'd; King's Speech; Seſſions at the Old Bailey, &c.

VII. Prices of Goods, Grain, Stocks; Monthly Bill of Mortality.

VIII. Foreign Affairs.

IX. A Table of Contents.

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per Quarter.		3p.C. 92 ¼		From 2 to 5 Old		37
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